

as large as my eyes, and I can eat a tart as big as my hand.

*For a star'd I'd run a whole mile,  
Tho' it rain'd cats and dogs all the while,  
I mind not the smart of my breech,  
So I get but a pye in my reach.*

Sam Lickspit one day when the cook was out, stole into the pantry, and with a knife cut the top crust all round the dish of a goosberry-pie; then taking it off, eat all the inside, and put the top on again, so that nobody knew

It



it till the next day, when it came up to table, and his mother was cutting it open, she was surprised to find it empty, and immediately laid it on Sam, who was stooping under the table, pretending he was picking up a fork that he dropt on purpose. Aye, you may hide yourself, says his mother, but you shall have your trimmings, you audacious wretch, to serve me in this manner:

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